

PALMETTO STANDARD.

Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, and to the Political, Agricultural and Educational Interests of the State.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
Payable in Advance.

Editor, Esq.,

Proprietor.

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PALMETTO STANDARD.

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BY DAVID MELTON, Esq.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS, per annum, if paid in
advance, or within three months. If not paid in ad-
vance, or within three months, \$2.00 will be required,
and the payment to be made within the end of the year,
will be required. These terms will hereafter be ad-
hered to strictly.

Rules of Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following
rates, viz: \$1.00 per square, for the first insertion; 50
cents per square for each reinsertion less than three
months; and 25 cents per square for each continuation
over three months.

Specified columns will be entered into with
Merchants, allowing the privilege of one or more squares
in their name. In such cases the advertisement
must be confined to the legitimate business of the per-
son or persons contracting, and at no time exceed
the specified limit.

A advertisement balanced every other week, or
insertions, will be charged \$1 per square for each
insertion.

Half columns, advertisements will be charged 50 per
square for each insertion.

Announcements in the correspondence adopted in
this office, or in any of the leading papers in the breadth of
the State.

2 Chilling Ctr.

THE COBWEB ON THE WALL.

CHAPTER I.

Death suddenly, at Challen Ridge, to
the late Margaret Challen, aged 68
years.

So pale, stern face and tall, spare figure
of her who bore the name of Margaret
Challen! Her vanished from earth for ever.
To my mind this thought came laden with
no sorrow, no mournfulness. Once, when
on a visit to my Aunt Hill's, I had met Mrs.
Challen, and her gloomy face and sombre
dress as she sat by the bright fireside, cast
over me a sort of nameless dread. To me
she seemed a gaunt, weird shape, which
stealing into his world of sorrow, flung
its chill shadow upon the brightness of that
fair home. Margaret Challen was the only
aunt of my Aunt Hill's; she had been kind
to him in his boyhood, and her nephew re-
membered this with grateful affection. Upon
his deathbed Stephen Hill besought his
widow and only child to treat with kind regard
the poor, stern woman who had so
greatly befriended him. Amy Hill spoke of
her with wonder.

"She is gone," he said to me one evening.
"I am sure we have only Challen; pity her,
I do; for I know she has battled with fear
of sorrows; but I always feel when she is
here as though there stood something dark
and dreary between me and life's sunshine.
I experience a sweet relief, when the old car-
riage from Challen Ridge rolls homeward;
do you blame me for this, Ellen?"

"Blame you, Amy! ah, no; I should
wonder much did you feel otherwise; to me
your aunt is very chilling; but you speak of
her sorrows,—have they been peculiar?"

"I cannot tell all you Ellen; for about this
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